

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

A Ten-Cent Romance.

By DORA MOLLAN.

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HORACE BURDETT might have had a dozen affairs of the heart—if it was no lack of time that was responsible, for Horace was crowding forty-five very closely and he had a reasonable amount of leisure; nor yet that he was a my-sokynist, for he was far from it. It was because he was that sort of man. Horace was not an heroic figure.

He was under the medium height; he was slender, his shoulders had early acquired a scholastic stoop; he was near-sighted and had to wear spectacles at all times; from youth he had mistakenly fostered a mustache that never grew up, and nature had decreed that through life he would wear an expression of ingenuous gravity like a baby who watches another baby suck a caramel. And he was frightfully afraid of women.

Now Horace had his being in a large city. He gained his livelihood in an office where his services were appreciated and his hours short. He had occupied the same large alcove bedroom in a house presided over by the same landlady for many years. Thither he repaired every afternoon, with almost unfailing regularity, as soon as his business duties were over, for a freshening and a change of raiment before his walk and his dinner at the same old restaurant. And he always rode home on a surface car because he liked "Us" little and subways less.

He never sat while a lady stood—albeit, he never got over the habit of blushing as he surrendered his place.

Came a time when the great war took away so many of the men that the street car people put on women conductors.

Horace found some difficulty in adjusting himself to this new order of things. Women should lead more sheltered lives than making change for souces and freshies and jingling the starting bell and levering open the rear door of a pay-as-you-enter car. But with a sigh he mentally admitted that Gen. Sherman was probably right and that it couldn't be helped.

There were a great many cars on that line, and from day to day Horace encountered a variety of conductresses. He did not greatly cotton to them. Mostly they looked as though they asked but the shadow of an excuse to bluff Horace or any other passenger of either sex in the eye.

There was one, however, whose car he frequently caught, on whom Horace permitted his thoughts to dwell more than a little. She was a serious-faced young woman with faraway eyes and probably a good figure under her shapeless uniform coat and puttees.

Horace noticed that somehow she managed to keep her hands clean, and he observed, with a tiny elation inside him, that none of the souces or freshies ever got familiar with her.

Though she was not more than a foot 3, shorter even than Horace, she had a way of looking clean over the heads of the passengers. Horace finally figured it out that she was the wife of a soldier away off overseas fighting for his country.

Horace was one of those people who always have the right change ready as they embark on a pay-as-you-enter. It's a poor rule that has no exception. One day Horace found himself, as he stepped into the vestibule of a home-going car, without a single nickel.

There was a dime, however, in his change pocket, and as he fished it out and handed it to the conductress he found himself facing a gray-eyed young woman. The conductress, without even looking at Horace, took his dime and handed him two nickels.

One of these he dropped in the car's rapacious glass maw, and was proceeding to a nearby seat, when he heard the voice of the conductress. "Here, you!" she called after him. "Come back here!"

Horace turned to behold the young woman's hand held out to him with the ten-cent piece between thumb and forefinger and her eyes bent on him in blazing scorn. "Here," she said—and the whole carload might have heard—"take this thing back to the tin-foil factory. The company's quit collecting to educate an orphan!"

In utter confusion Horace automatically obeyed the premonitory summons. He took the dime from the extended hand and was confounded to see that it was a most palpable counterfeit.

"Why, er—er—that is, I assure you, madam—"

"Never mind about the assurances; just hand over a regular United States dime." The gray-eyed young woman was staring with cynical unsympathy into the embarrassed eyes of Mr. Burdette.

Somehow Horace managed to find a quarter, and after a critical look at it the conductress gave Horace fifteen cents and turned to pull the door lever for a departing passenger.

Horace Burdett was profoundly mortified. Never before in all his life had he been accused of dishonesty. But as he sat ruefully contemplating his own feelings he suddenly realized that he didn't care a hoot what the passengers thought of him.

What hurt was that his gray-eyed young woman, with a splendid husband overseas fighting for his country, should deem Horace an unworthy creature who passed counterfeit dimes.

Suddenly, as he covertly glanced at his accuser and caught sight of the metal number of her cocky little military cap, Horace remembered that he was well acquainted with the paymaster of the street car company, and a resolve came upon him.

Next day Horace found out from Strickland's office, by phone, that No. 1414's name was Kate Dorn and that she lived at a certain address in the "hundreds." Also that she was through her work at 5:50. That evening with his courage in his hands and a pocketful of documents, he called

Confessions of a Bride

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I Learn of the Awful Fate Another Met and Fear for Myself.

The stopping of the train wakened me. The dawn was breaking. I could see that the train had not pulled up at one of the queer little adobe stations, but had come to a standstill in a cut in a mountain side. A woman screamed. Men swore in English and Spanish and a dozen dialects. Above the hubbub of voices in my coach I heard the steam escaping from the engine.

I didn't feel especially disturbed—the train might have stopped on account of a broken wheel, or a landslide, or the engine might be taking water. Traveling without a husband had its disadvantages for a curious bride, I admitted. Bob would have found out for me the exact reason we were detained in that barren spot.

I opened the door of my stateroom, just a little crack, and perceived that the coach was in a great bustle. Men and women were hastily donning their garments behind the green satine curtains of their berths and were talking in whispers.

I put on my stockings and oxford and wrapped my long traveler's cape over my Pullman robe. I hurried, but not because I was afraid. I had just made myself presentable enough to venture forth when there came an imperative knock at my door.

I opened it to face, as I expected, a strange man. He was tall and heavy and dark—he looked like a very successful commercial man; and he was a man of the world, a cosmopolite tending toward the Spanish; one might say.

The man spoke with unexpected familiarity:

"Mrs. Lorimer! This is Morrison! Let me in!"

With the gentlest of pressure upon my arm, he pushed me aside, entered the room, and stood with his broad shoulders pressed against the door.

"Bandits!" he murmured, just raising the gun in his coat pocket for my assurance.

"Some disguise?" he whispered. "Mr. Lorimer—senior—never planned to let you run around in this God-forsaken country without an escort. I'm your guard, Mrs. Lorimer. I've been trailing you right along—but the old

body." The laughter had died away.

"I just took that job because it pays better than anything I could get—and I'm crazy to save enough for a chicken farm."

Horace's heart, leaped within him. Then and there he realized that he, too, was just crazy about a chicken farm. He said so.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Miss Dorn. "Do come in and talk about it."

Many marriages are predicated on a less solid foundation than a mutual interest. The Horace-Burdetts' chicken farm is the admiring talk of their New Jersey village. And the Horace-Burdetts—well, there certainly isn't a happier couple in that county.

JAZZ ORCHESTRA TO PLAY.

The Jazz orchestra will open the Harvest Home entertainment at the Mt. Zion church tonight at 8 o'clock. The orchestra is composed of Miss Norma Williams, Floyd Lewis, Lieut. William D. Broughton and Rufus Rolis. Admission free.

Full of Meaning.

"Wombat always alludes to his wife as precious lamb."

"And a strong term of endearment, too, with meat as high as it is."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And It Did.

A youthful aspirant for journalistic distinction, who was asked to write an article on superstition and imbecility, began his essay thus:

"That imbecility is not on the wane, personal of the following lines will amply demonstrate."—Dallas News.

RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME
BAKING POWDERIs wholesome and efficient—
always gives good results—is
uniform in value and inexpensive.

Editor of American Cookery

Osgood's
for
QualityA Special Event Devoted to
Featuring of FASHION'S
Latest Suit Modes DuringSuit Week
at Osgood's

Scores of the season's Newest Suits, in Every Conceivable design and Fabric, are offered, invitingly Moderate Prices Prevail. Complete assortment of Sizes suggest early selection.

at \$29.50

Suits of surprising excellence; in blue, brown and black poplin; neatly trimmed with good braid and buttons; embracing novel features patterned from much higher priced garments; sizes 16 to 44; exceptional values especially chosen for Osgood's Suit Week.

at \$39.50

Clever models in navy and black men's wear serge and navy, brown, gray and black poplin, of dependable quality, silk lined; some fur fabric trimmed; both strictly tailored and fancy styles; all sizes; truly exceptional values for Osgood's Suit Week.

at \$49.50

Very desirable suits in tailored and costume styles; in velours, tricotine, silvertone, wool plaids and checks, fine serges and also a few choice models in velvet; navy, black, various shades of brown and other new colors; fancy silk linings; some trimmed with real fur; exceptional values for Osgood's Suit Week.

at \$59.50

In this group are suits of beautiful designing materials and workmanship; Velour de Laine, tricotine, tinsel, silvertone, tinseltone and rich serges are lined with fine quality silks, richest trimmings including fur; a wide range of new and popular colors every size from smallest to the largest; exceptional suits anyone may be proud to wear.

Other Exceptional Offerings
for Osgood's Suit Week at

\$75.00 to \$200.00

Osgood's
for
QualityThe Essential
Autumn Modes

THE Suit's the thing! In New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and wherever well dressed women gather it is the correct and essential mode. Dame Fashion says Suits—Suits spell S-T-Y-L-E.

How well we have anticipated the great demand for Suits is quickly evident to every visitor. One glance through the display cases in our enlarged Suit Salon shows that we have provided beautiful assortments assuring a fully satisfying choice to every patron.

A feature of particular interest is the wide range of Osgood's prices, and their fairness. Especially is this noticeable in the Suit Week offerings which embrace the exceptional values listed opposite.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—A FEW REFLECTIONS OF TOM—BY ALLMAN.

